



## Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH  
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

# Matthew V. O'Malley

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE  
FROM NEW YORK



Seventy-second Congress  
First Session

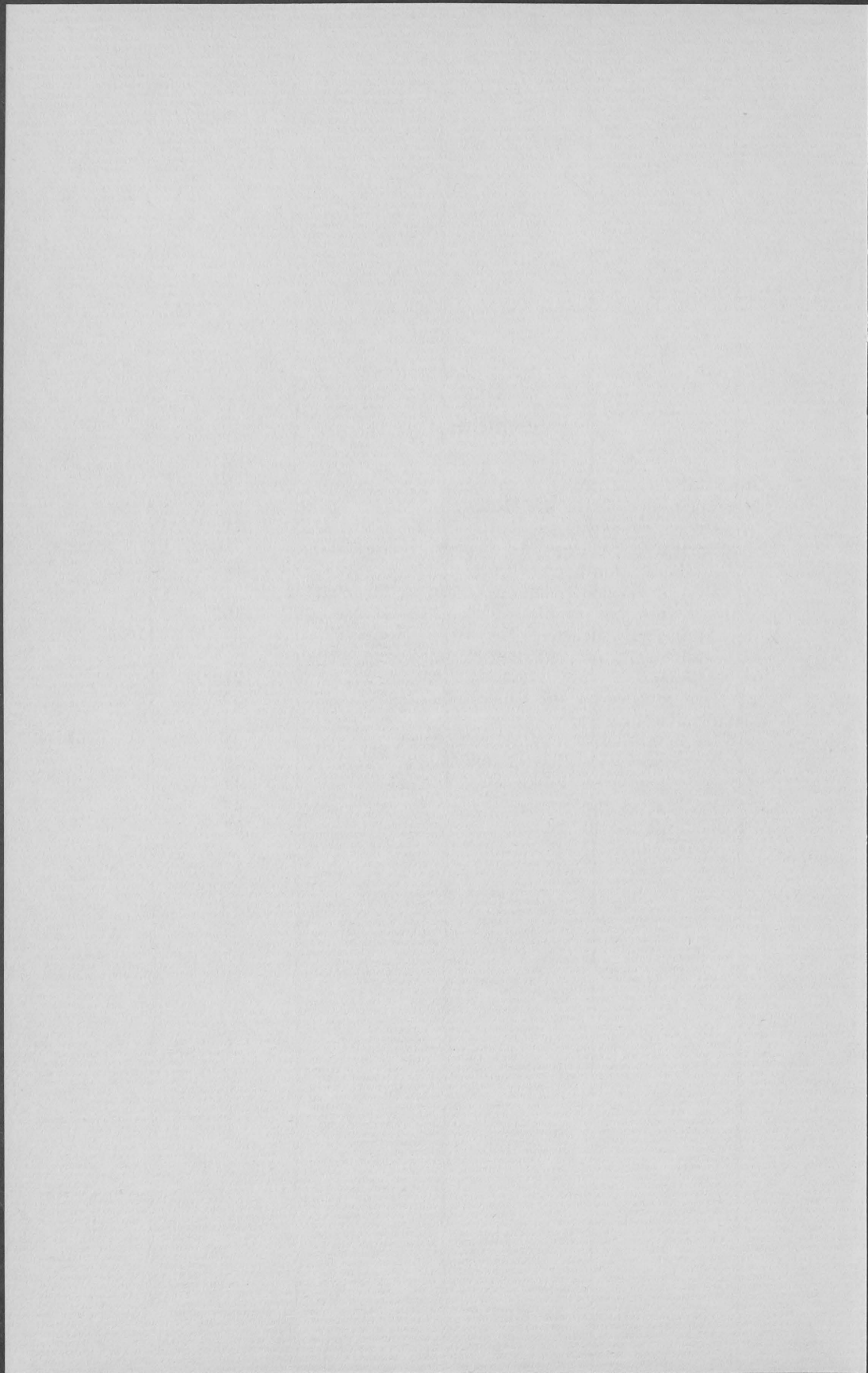


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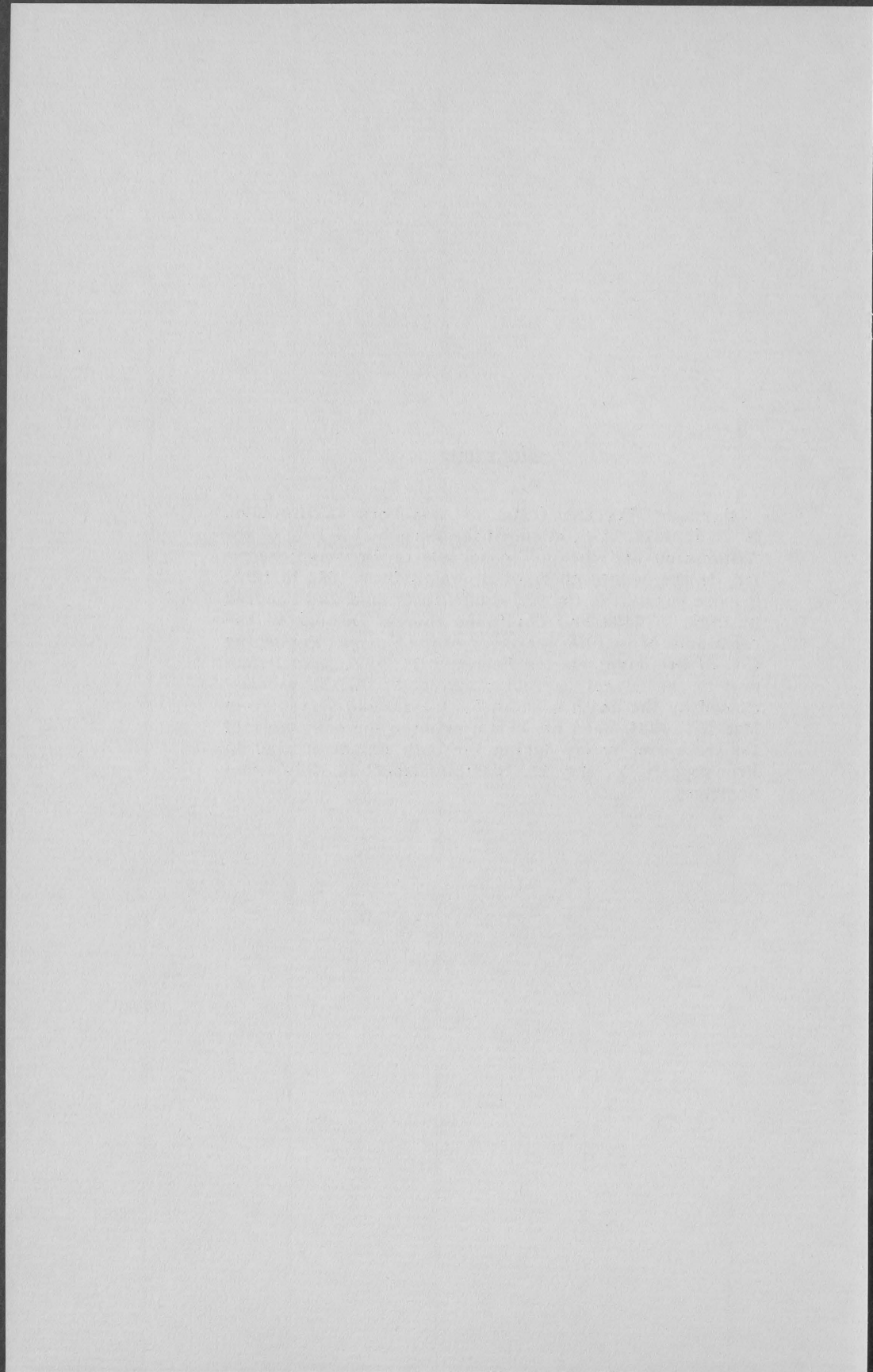
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## Biography

MATTHEW VINCENT O'MALLEY was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 26, 1878; attended the Parochial School of the Assumption and the public schools of Brooklyn; secretary to the health officer of Brooklyn from 1894 to 1898; became engaged in the real estate, insurance, and bonding business in 1899 and continued therein throughout the remainder of his life; secretary of the Citizens Publishing Co., of Brooklyn; elected February 17, 1931, as a Democrat to the Seventy-second Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John F. Quayle, and served from March 4, 1931, until his death, prior to the convening of Congress and before taking the oath of office; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 26, 1931; interment in Holy Cross Cemetery.



**In the House of Representatives**

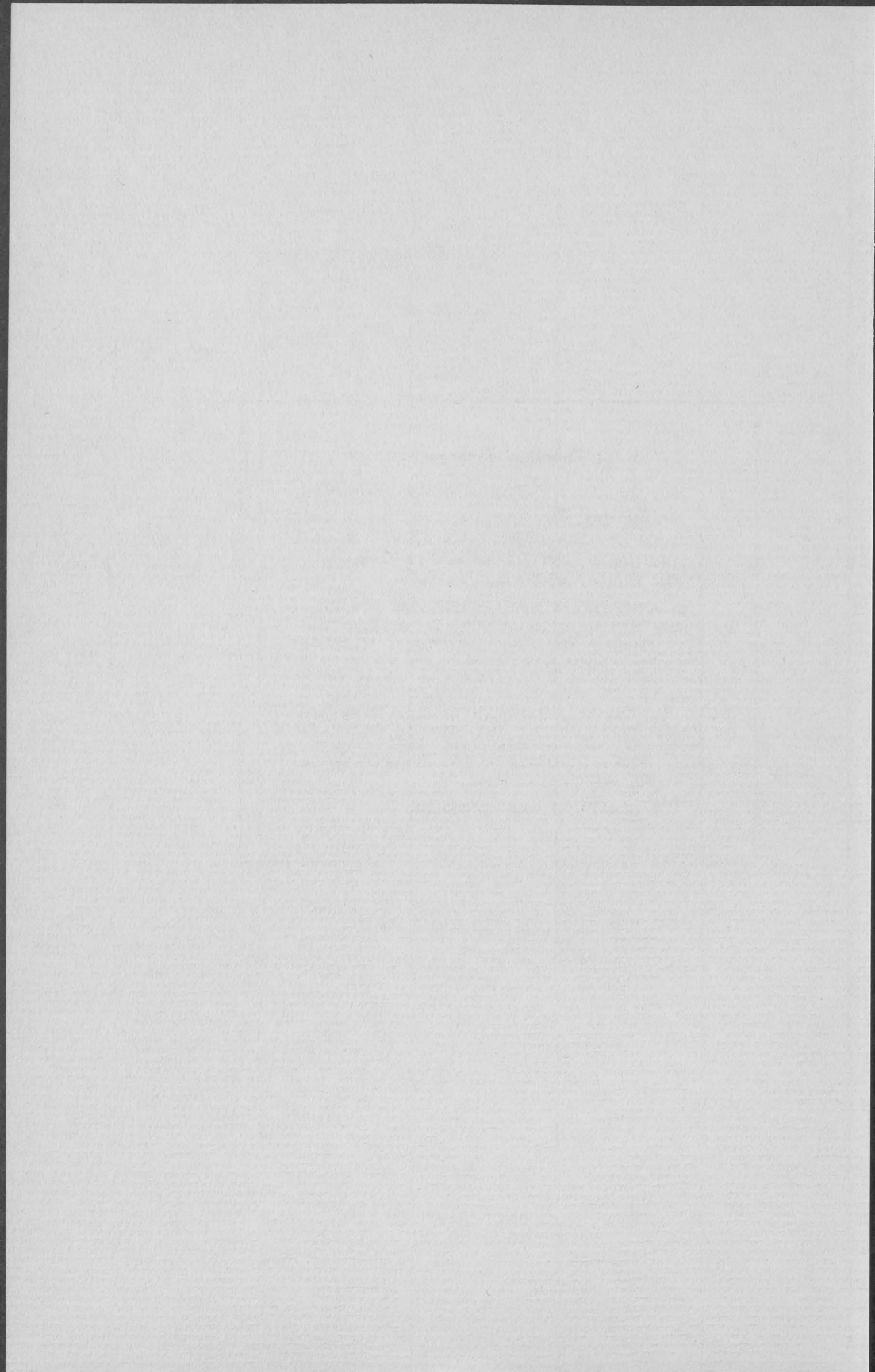
**TUESDAY, May 24, 1932.**

**Mr. RAINEY.** Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution, which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That on Wednesday, May 25, 1932, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials under the provisions of clause 40a of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall be given the privilege of extending their remarks in the Congressional Record. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order.

The resolution was agreed to.

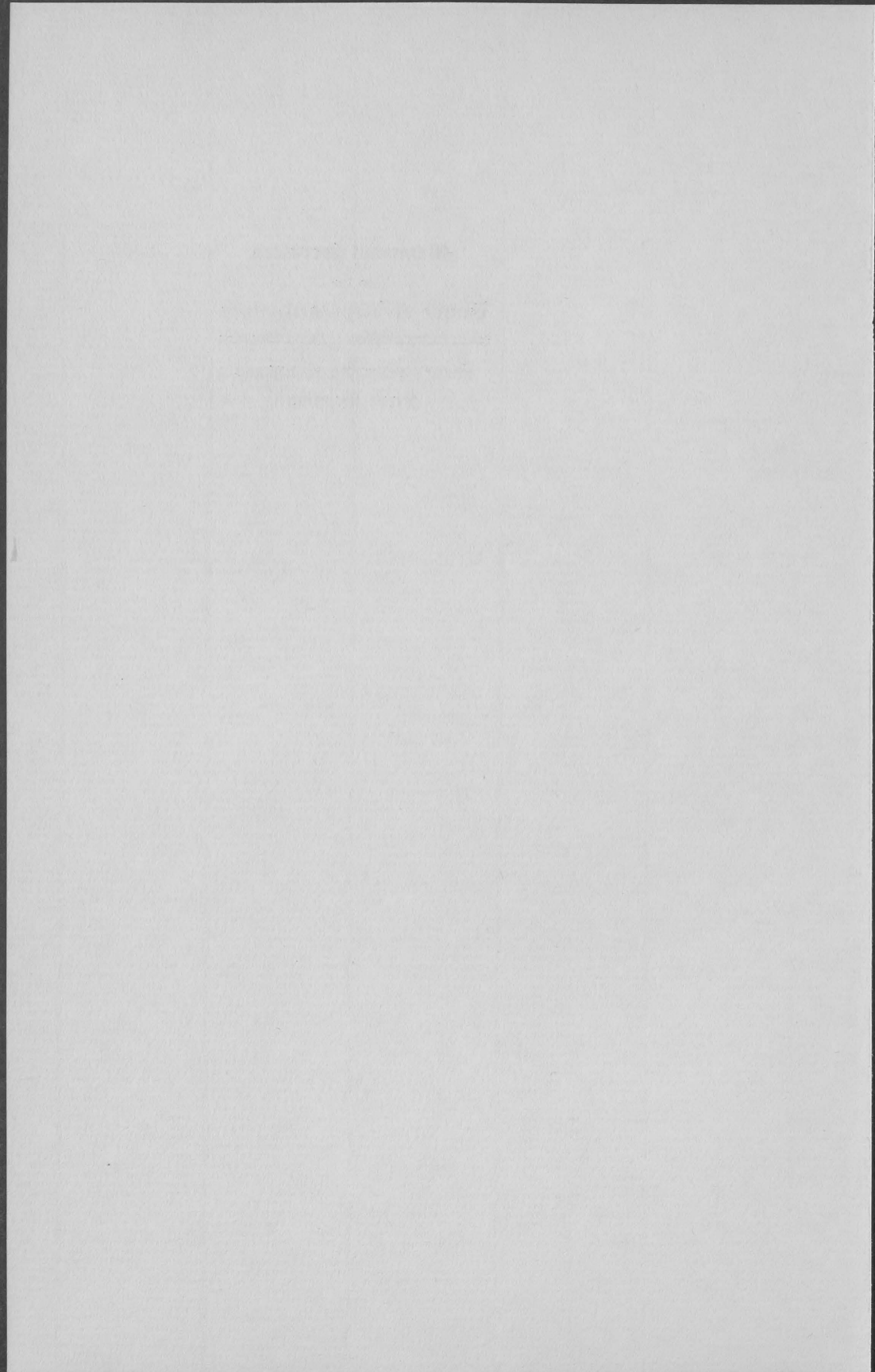


**Memorial Services**  
**in the**  
**House of Representatives**

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**Sebenty-second Congress**  
**First Session**



## Order of Exercises

Prelude, sacred selections (11.30 to 12)—

United States Navy Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer—

The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation---The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

String quartette—Andante Cantabile (Tschaikowsky)

United States Navy Band Orchestra

Scripture reading and prayer-----The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members—

The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

Tenor solo—There is no death (O'Hara)-----Ross Farrar  
Robt. L. Feuerstein, Accompanist

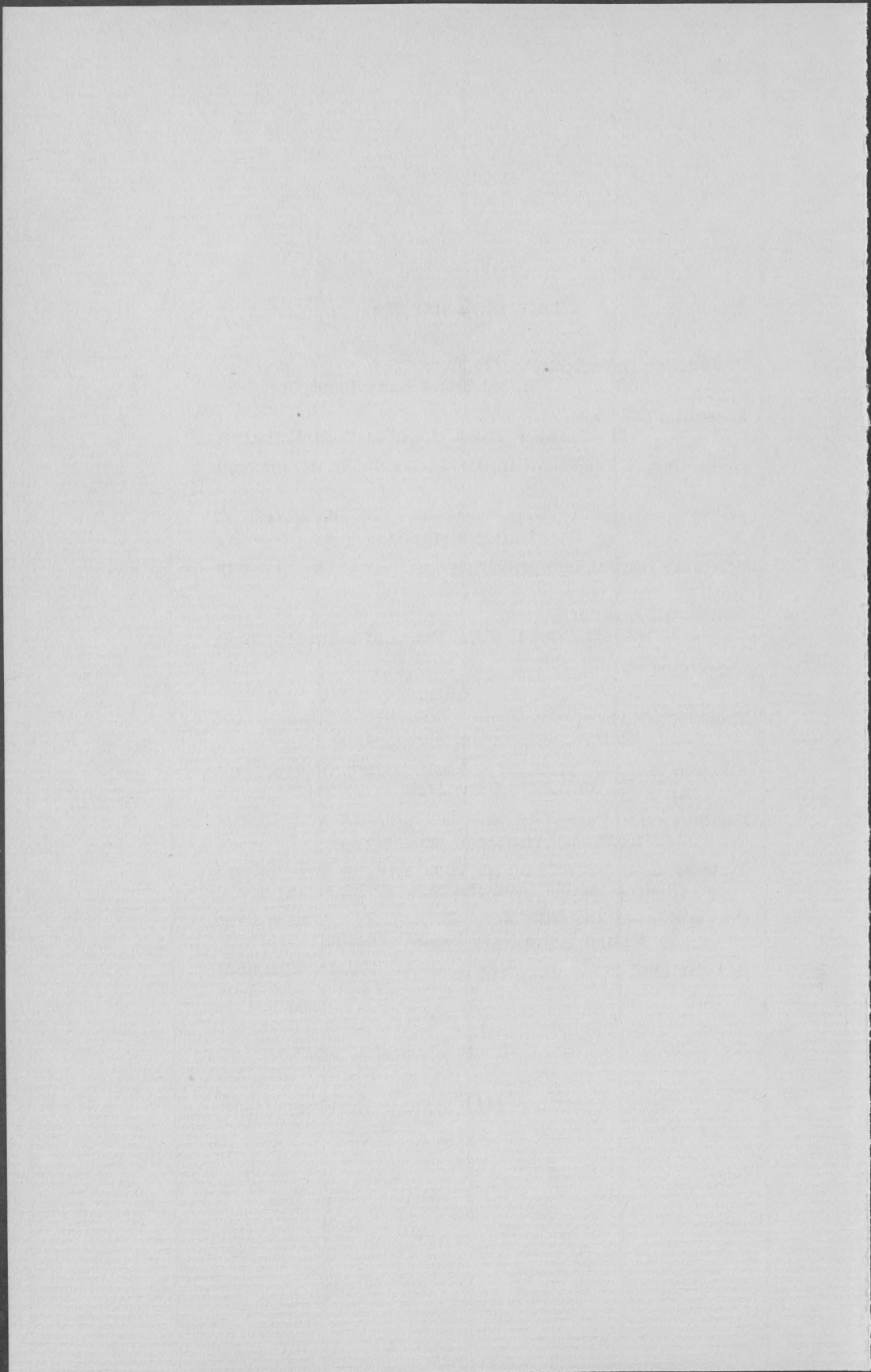
Address-----Hon. Scott Leavitt  
(Representative from the State of Montana)

Baritone solo—Farewell (Russell)-----Leonard Davis  
Robt. L. Feuerstein, Accompanist

Address-----Hon. William B. Bankhead  
(Representative from the State of Alabama)

Cornet solo—Abide with Me-----John Walker  
United States Navy Band Orchestra

Benediction-----The Chaplain



# Matthew V. O'Malley



## Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, May 25, 1932.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives, Hon. John N. Garner, presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., invoked the divine blessing:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. May the words of our lips and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

The string quartette of the United States Navy Band Orchestra rendered "Andante Cantabile," by Tchaikowsky.

### SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER

Scripture reading and prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D.

Almighty God, separated from the toils of the day may this hour be a dedication. Make Thy Holy Spirit a minister and a messenger of love and faith. Our hearts are one; they express the sorrow of our fellow countrymen. Do Thou remember those, Blessed Lord, who are in the valley of affliction. In its hush and silence may they catch the floating notes

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wafted from the highlands of the upper world. Oh, be the melody for the dirge, the sweetness for the cup, and the strength for the weary. In our losses, hear us, O most merciful Father. With us the joys and the fellowships of time have been swept away. The dreams of the past struggle for expression; but as they are inspired from the passing scenes of life, they can never be fulfilled. O God, we would share again the changeless love of the unforgotten days. In the ages to come, beyond the menace and the mystery of mortality, we shall meet again—unafraid, conscious that our souls are becoming vaster and holier in the presence of the infinite God of man. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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Three fishers went sailing out into the west—  
Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep;  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the  
shower,  
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,  
For those who will never come back to the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep—  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

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As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest  
Looking toward the ultimate sea,  
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,  
And one sails away from the lea.  
One spreads its white sails on a far-reaching track,  
With pennant and sheet flowing free,  
One hides in the shadows with sails laid aback,  
The ship that is waiting for me.  
But, lo, in the distance the clouds break away;  
The Gate's glowing portals I see;  
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay  
The song of the sailors in glee.  
So I think of the luminous footsteps  
That bore them o'er dark Galilee,  
And I wait for the signal to go to the shore,  
To the ship that is waiting for me.

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*Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me; bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are*

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*dust. As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him and His righteousness unto children's children.*  
\* \* \* *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*

*Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.*

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

The reading clerk of the House, Mr. Patrick J. Haltigan, read the roll of deceased Senators and Representatives as follows:

DWIGHT WHITNEY MORROW, Senator from the State of New Jersey.—Diplomat; lawyer; ambassador to Mexico; delegate to the Pan American Conference, 1928; delegate to the naval conference, London, England, 1930; member of various State commissions; chairman President's Aircraft Board, 1925; awarded distinguished-service medal 1919 by General Pershing; elected a member of the United States Senate November 4, 1930. Died October 5, 1931.

THADDEUS H. CARAWAY, Senator from the State of Arkansas.—Lawyer; prosecuting attorney for the second judicial district of Arkansas; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, and Sixty-sixth Congresses; twice elected to the United States Senate. Died November 6, 1931.

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**WILLIAM JULIUS HARRIS**, Senator from the State of Georgia.—Banker; member of State senate in 1911 and 1912; chairman Democratic State Committee in 1912 and 1913; Director of the United States Census Bureau; Acting Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Chairman of Federal Trade Commission; elected to the United States Senate for three terms. Died April 18, 1932.

**HENRY ALLEN COOPER**, Representative from the First Congressional District of Wisconsin.—District attorney; State senator; delegate to the Republican National Convention, 1884, 1908, and 1924; Member of the Fifty-third and the twelve succeeding Congresses; reelected to the Sixty-seventh and each succeeding Congress. Died March 1, 1931.

**JAMES BENJAMIN ASWELL**, Representative from the Eighth Congressional District of Louisiana.—School-teacher; State institution conductor; president of the Louisiana Polytechnic Institute; State superintendent of education; president Louisiana State Normal College; Member of the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress. Died March 16, 1931.

**NICHOLAS LONGWORTH**, Representative from the First Congressional District of Ohio.—Member of the board of education of Cincinnati; State representative; State senator; Member of the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixty-first, and Sixty-second Congresses and of the Sixty-fourth and each succeeding Congress; majority floor leader; three times elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. Died April 9, 1931.

**MATTHEW VINCENT O'MALLEY**, Representative from the Seventh Congressional District of New York.—Business man; member Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce; Member of the Seventy-second Congress. Died May 26, 1931.

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CHARLES ANTHONY MOONEY, Representative from the Twentieth Congressional District of Ohio.—Insurance broker; member of the State senate; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1920 and 1924; Member of the Sixty-sixth, Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, and Seventy-first Congresses. Died May 29, 1931.

GEORGE SCOTT GRAHAM, Representative from the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania.—Lawyer; member of the City Council of Philadelphia; district attorney; professor of criminal law in the University of Pennsylvania; delegate to the Republican National Convention 1892 and 1924; Member of the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary. Died July 4, 1931.

CHARLES GORDON EDWARDS, Representative from the First Congressional District of Georgia.—Farmer; lawyer; member State militia; president of the Savannah Board of Trade; member of the Savannah Harbor Commission; Member of the Sixtieth and the four succeeding Congresses; also Sixty-ninth and each succeeding Congress. Died July 13, 1931.

BIRD J. VINCENT, Representative from the Eighth Congressional District of Michigan.—Lawyer; assistant prosecuting attorney of Saginaw County; prosecuting attorney; served 10 months in France during World War as first lieutenant of the Sixth Train Headquarters and in the Three hundred and second Train Headquarters; city attorney of Saginaw; Member of the Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress. Died July 18, 1931.

SAMUEL COLLIER MAJOR, Representative from the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri.—Lawyer; prosecuting attorney; State senator; Member of the Sixty-sixth, Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, and Seventy-second Congresses. Died July 28, 1931.

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ERNEST ROBINSON ACKERMAN, Representative from the Fifth Congressional District of New Jersey.—Manufacturer; member of the Common Council of Plainfield; presidential elector; State senator; president of the State senate; delegate Republican National Convention in 1908 and 1916; member board of trustees of Rutgers College and the State board of education; Member of the Sixty-sixth and each succeeding Congress. Died October 18, 1931.

FLETCHER HALE, Representative from the First Congressional District of New Hampshire.—City solicitor of Laconia; solicitor of Belknap County; lawyer; chairman board of education; delegate to State constitutional convention; State tax commissioner; Member of the Sixty-ninth and each succeeding Congress. Died October 22, 1931.

HARRY MCLEARY WURZBACH, Representative from the Fourteenth Congressional District of Texas.—Recruited and served as private in Company F, First Regiment Texas Volunteer Infantry, Spanish-American War; lawyer; prosecuting attorney and judge of Guadalupe County; delegate at large from Texas to the Republican National Convention, 1924; Member of the Sixty-seventh and each succeeding Congress. Died November 6, 1931.

PERCY EDWARDS QUIN, Representative from the Seventh Congressional District of Mississippi.—School-teacher; lawyer; delegate to Democratic State conventions, 1899 and 1912; member State house of representatives; Member of the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress. Died February 4, 1932.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, Representative from the Sixth Congressional District of Georgia.—Lawyer; three times mayor of Forsyth; solicitor of city court; member of State house of representatives three terms; State

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senator; Member of the Sixty-ninth and each succeeding Congress. Died February 4, 1932.

ALBERT HENRY VESTAL, Representative from the Eighth Congressional District of Indiana.—School-teacher; prosecuting attorney of the fiftieth judicial circuit, 1900–1904; elected to the Sixty-fifth and each succeeding Congress. Died April 1, 1932.

EDWARD McMATH BEERS, Representative from the Eighteenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.—Bank director; delegate to the Republican State convention in 1898; mayor of Mount Union, Pa., 1910–1914; associate judge of Huntingdon County, 1914–1923; elected to Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress. Died April 21, 1932.

Mrs. Wingo, a Representative from the State of Arkansas, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed one minute of devotional silence.

Mr. Ross Farrar sang "There Is no Death."

ADDRESS BY HON. SCOTT LEAVITT

*Representative from Montana*

Mr. SPEAKER: Since that day, little more than a year ago, when on another occasion we met to pay affectionate tribute to colleagues of ours who had answered the roll call of eternity, nineteen others have arisen from their labors among us and have gone out, never to return. Just a moment ago we listened to the calling of their names. Silence,

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and after each the placing of a flower. Our ears yearned, loath to abandon hope, but no familiar voice responded. And yet was there, indeed, no answer? Was not that silence like the quiet of a starry night, when all the winds are hushed? Was not that silence like the stillness we have known alone in the vastness of the mountains or far out upon the soundless, breathing sea, when the all-pervading solitude has formed within our souls those revealing words, "Be still and know that I am God"?

It is in such silence that we find our faith arising like the sword of Arthur, out of the morass of our doubt and ready to our hand.

It is in such silence that we comprehend the revelation of our faith to be truly "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

It is in such stillness that our trust is able to speak to us with a clear voice, and say surely, if a man die, yet shall he live again.

This memorial service, held in accordance with a reverent custom, falls in the midst of the bicentennial year especially set apart and dedicated in the hearts of the American people to the thought of George Washington. It is fitting then that we consider the lives and public work of our departed friends in that illumination.

They whose names we inscribe to-day in the Nation's pantheon form an illustrious company. Singly, in their diverse origins and in the varying degrees of struggle through which they attained the honor of here serving their people and their

country, they exemplified all the finest traditions of America's equality of opportunity. Collectively, in their steadfast devotion to the common good, in their united purpose to serve the public welfare without fear and without reproach, they furnish a reassuring fulfillment of that prayer of hope expressed by Washington a century and a half ago, when the stalwart builders of the Republic who had labored by his side in laying the foundations and in beginning the superstructure, one by one, laid down their working tools and went to their eternal rest, and he said:

Thus some of the pillars of the Revolution fall. Others are mouldering by insensible degrees. May our country never want props to support the glorious fabric.

Truly, those we commemorate to-day, in the character of their public service and in the quality of their manhood, were of that never-ending, never-failing succession of props, upholding in glory and in security the destiny of the Republic.

Jefferson said of Washington:

The whole of his character was in its mass perfect, in nothing bad, in a few things indifferent.

And we may in truth apply those words to these nineteen. It is not given to me to eulogize them individually. They stand together in the honor we would pay them, even as they mingled with us here. Joined thus are the veteran, who in many repeated elections received the acclaim and mandate of his people, and the neophyte, who stood but for a moment at the threshold and was gone.

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Joined with them all is he who, laying his gavel down forever, descended from the Speaker's dais to stand among the rest. All a goodly, devoted company, which we and the Nation could ill afford to lose when the way was in anywise obscure!

Out of that association, which is the rare privilege and the greatest recompense of our service here, we learn to mark the true stature of men. We come thus to realize almost universally that when the white fire of truly national need blazes forth, the dross of sectionalism, of petty partisanship, of individual selfishness, is consumed, and pure gold is found in every character. In that pure gold we set the jewel of our remembrance.

Said Washington of the reputation of public men:

The good opinion of honest men, friends of freedom, and well-wishers of mankind, wherever they may be born or happen to reside, is the only kind of reputation a wise man would ever desire.

Of the triumph of principle he said:

In times of turbulence, when the passions are afloat, calm reason is swallowed up in the extremes to which measures are attempted to be carried; but when those subside, and its empire is resumed, the man who acts from principle, who pursues the path of truth, moderation, and justice, will regain his influence.

Regarding the placing of duty above popularity, his words were these:

Though I prize as I ought the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet, if I know myself, I would not seek to retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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Of public duty in crisis times he said:

The hour is certainly come when party disputes and dissensions should subside, when every man, especially those in office, should, with hand and heart, pull the same way and with their whole strength.

Measure by that yardstick of the immortal Washington the lives and public service of these colleagues of ours, who labored here to complete and preserve the structure of human society which he founded. Observe how that yardstick emphasizes their high stature. And while we have it in our hands, recalling that never were sound props more greatly needed to "uphold the glorious fabric," let us measure ourselves.

So we approach now the final thought. It is not only that we speak in eulogy of the honored dead. We thus offer the poor comfort of our sympathy to those who mourn in those intimate recesses of the heart into which even the sincerest friendship can not fully go. Always on such occasions the thought recurs and is repeated that words, though winged with all of human sympathy, falter and fail. But I like, in this hallowed, bicentennial year of Washington, to think of those who have ceased to labor here, in this building where he laid the corner stone, as being still of his devoted company in the eternal service of our country.

Reason—

Said Washington on an occasion of sorrow—

Reason, religion, and philosophy teach us to submit; but it is time alone that can ameliorate the pangs of humanity and soften its woes.

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And on the thought of time I come finally to a parable which has to do with the vital part which such lives and public service as we now honor must ever have in the welfare of our people. It is a parable which comes to my mind whenever I see youth in training for usefulness, and when I ponder the end of lives devoted to good works.

I stood alone in the presence of the oldest living thing on all the earth, a towering sequoia tree in the midst of the California mountains. It was evening, and the shadows were those of a cathedral. For that tree age was not reckoned by years, nor only by centuries. Thousands of yearly cycles had passed over it in sunshine and in storm. Since it had come into being, the pyramids had arisen out of vast dreams of glory and the toil of slaves, and become the sepulchres of forgotten kings. Persia, Babylon, and Greece had known glory and decay. The eagles of Rome had screamed at the gates of Jerusalem, and the Son of Man had died there on the cross that all men might have eternal life. The epoch of Roman power had passed like a shadow over the wheat. The ancient had given way to the medieval. The medieval had merged into that more modern day when a bold, inspired adventurer breasted unknown oceans and found a new world in which that great tree, already grown immeasurably old, arose in silence and majesty, still hidden on a distant and undiscovered coast.

Yet the giant sequoia lived on, and in its later years the day came when it, symbol of eternity

as it was, became embraced in the outstretched boundaries of the youngest of great nations, founded upon principles of justice and liberty even more eternal.

No other tree than the sequoia has more than a brief fraction of such a span of life. For ordinary trees a century or less brings the disintegration age. Their very sap comes to be the conveyer of disease. Fungus and rot attack them, and the winds lay them low. But overpassing them all, spanning the death of countless generations of lesser trees, that great sequoia has stood secure. Lightning could scar but never overthrow. Fire could but leave the mark of its passing, but not destroy.

So I sought the secret of its deathless age, and I recalled that in the place of such sap as flows in the veins of common trees the everlasting sequoia contains within itself an essence of such power that it is its own preservative.

It is so with our Republic. The wisdom of its founders; the justice of its institutions; the devotion of its people, young and old; the divinity of its purpose; and, not least of all, the service, the character, the guiding example of such public men as these nineteen of hallowed memory—all these constitute that essence of preservation which, in the providence of God, shall forever flow in the living veins of our beloved country.

So we bid our colleagues who have gone on before us, farewell—in sorrow but with uplifted

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hearts. We mourn with their loved ones; and in bereavement we recall that, while all men must meet death somewhere on the way, these our colleagues were privileged to meet it on the open road, in the day of their service, with their honors full upon them. Generous, true friends every one, and very gallant gentlemen, who at the last were able to join voices with that other valiant spirit who sang:

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

Mr. Leonard Davis sang "Farewell."

### ADDRESS BY HON. WILLIAM B. BANKHEAD *Representative from Alabama*

MR. SPEAKER: Since the selection of the Seventy-second Congress three Senators and sixteen Representatives have been summoned by a very grim sergeant-at-arms to take their departure for another forum. We are here to pay our immemorial homage to our comrades who have gone away. Of necessity our eulogy must be composite and not individual.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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If we were content to accept Cardinal Wolsey's unhappy lament, this ceremonial might well begin and end with his words:

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do.

To accept that bitter philosophy as a summary of life's achievements would make this an hour of despair—it would have us kneel at an altar devoid of the solace of assuring sacrament, whereas in its accepted spiritual significance it is an hour of triumph and reconsecration. We are here to honor men who honored themselves and the institutions of the Republic.

It appears to have become the popular fashion of late for Congress to be the target at which is aimed the bitter, if not vindictive, shaft of every calumny—the victim of every comedian's artless wit, the jibe and jest, indeed, of all that company of scribes who seem to have forgotten every kindly word in the vocabulary of praise.

We do not need to appeal to the living to vindicate the type of men who serve in the Congress of the United States. That this is, and has been, the training ground for many of our country's immortals is attested by the fact that twenty-five of the figures in yonder hall of fame are effigies of

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former Members of Congress. We are content to abide the judgment of posterity on a roll call of the dead.

Let us for a moment take the measure of these men. Let us appraise the average background and environment that nurtured their youth, the ambitions which fired their manhood, the qualities of heart and mind which in the esteem of their fellow countrymen made them worthy to take station in that place where Clay and Calhoun and Webster and Lincoln had schooled their polemic genius "in a time remote."

The majority of them no doubt had their origin in plain places; out of a frugal and wholesome environment they grew. The common schools, the modest academies, the State university sheltered and inspired their younger ambitions to know more of this vast old world, of its men and measures, of its political philosophy and social institutions.

In maturer years the ambition for public service entered into their dreams, and it was given them to know that under our benign system of government, in the real lottery of life, there are no marked cards. That neither rank, nor pedigree, nor prerogative casts its sinister shadow across the thoroughfare of aspiration, and that the courageous man had a fair chance to cleave his way through all obstructions. Then the hard apprenticeship in the minor honors—the legislature, the

district attorneyship, responsible business executive. And yet always out yonder a little farther away the vision of the National Capitol.

But not quite yet; the preparation is not complete. The hustings is a hard taskmaster; the opponent will be inquisitorial and relentless. What, ambitious man, do you know of the Federal Government? How deeply have you acquainted yourself with the essence and interpretation of its Constitution? How learned are you in the origin of party principles and government and the intricacies of their application to existing controversies? What are the ordered processes of your reasoning that qualify you to engage in congressional debate? And then the yet more intense application in the school of practical politics, the formation of favorable factions, the arduous exactions of the campaign, and then victory and vindication.

It may be fairly stated then that it is no little thing to come into this Chamber with the confidence and approval of a great constituency, bearing a commission emblematic of their trust and their affection. How contemptible the creature who would deliberately degrade such noble credentials! How exceptional the number of those who have been guilty of betrayal!

Thus briefly prefaced in the abstract is the typical beginning of the service of our brethren, and we are assembled to-day for appropriate meditation upon their end.

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In between are the brief or long and patient years of extended service. Theirs the effort to see to it that representative and constitutional government for a free people did not succumb, that equality of opportunity under the law should always survive; that the restraint of the mighty and the protection of the weak be a legal fact and not an academic fiction. Theirs to hold to the ancient faith of the founders—to preserve the old fidelities of policy, to revere the precedents honorably established—but likewise to pioneer in new fields of remedy and procedure when the old order grew archaic and unstable. And there lies one of the distressing problems of congressional service; to make decision to abandon an established tenet of policy honored during the reach of years, but now found inadequate to meet the evolution of events and the fickle currents of public opinion. It is no easy thing to remove “the ancient landmarks thy fathers have set.” And neither is it a trivial thing to choose a safer outpost than the old fortress to be abandoned.

Verily these men loved America with an affection which “hoped, and endured, and was patient.” Theirs was of that same type of devotion which inspired the noble apostrophe of Richelieu:

All things for France,  
Lo! My eternal maxim,  
The vital axle of the restless wheels  
Which bear me on—

Fortunately it is not given to us to raise the iron curtain of the major mystery and see them wherever they are. But we may be permitted to surmise that they yet may make forensic war; that their disciplined and ingenuous faculties, though upon far nobler themes, may yet engage in challenge and reply; or having in that serener sphere put off the burden of issues joined make penance for their wasted words in this life below.

How gracious a thing it is that there are no limitations upon the reach or, indeed, the ecstasy of our imagination in the exploration of the realm of the spirit.

Accepting such license, is it impossible to conceive that our departed friends have carried to the elder statesmen late tidings of the state of the Union?

To Washington that in his bicentennial a grateful Republic of one hundred and twenty-five million souls pays every human homage to its first Commander in Chief. To Jefferson that the declaration and the bill of rights, twin children of his brain, are yet the torch and sanctuary of human freedom. To Jackson that his "by the eternals" courage yet fires the hearts of men. To Lincoln that dissolution of the Republic expired forever at Appomattox and that his martyrdom ultimately wrought the healing of the Nation. To Wilson that his league still lives and, though yet aloof from us, has held the confidence of the majority of mankind.

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## MEMORIAL SERVICES

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In the beginning, I said that this should be an hour of triumph. It is so because it is an hour of peace. Buried deep in the heart of those commemorative roses, for this day at least, are all ancient grudges, all petty political and partisan feuds. The cadences of the hymns here sung have borne away the clamant harshness of all factional pride. The very softness of the silence within the Chamber is more eloquent in its subtle eulogy than are the phrases coined in the frenzy of debate by the mental ingenuity of men.

There is no occasion in this hour of reverie and contemplation to wear an armor for defense, or to lay hold of the lance for attack, or to use our little measures of intrigue. We lay by the weapons of warfare and gird on the mantles of amity and reconciliation.

On this day, surrounded by the generous exaltation of these obsequies, how feeble a fiction is that space out there called the center aisle. Yesterday the symbol of separation, to-day it is obliterated by the actual consciousness that a mere party label is a miserable device with which to measure the merits of a man.

Others will pay individual tribute to our departed friends on the printed page of our memorial volume. Justification could be found for singling out the eminent and outstanding public services of our lamented and beloved Speaker, Nicholas Longworth; and yet, knowing him as we did, understanding the democracy of his nature,

if he could be consulted, he would say, "No; not that; no word of praise for me that might disparage the others. We were all yokefellows in a common service, trying to pull together the burdens of our office."

There come many disillusionments with this public life. The way of ambition is not the way of peace. Real attainments here do not come by the process of tranquillity and repose. The laborious route is filled with the hard stones of arduous labor, grinding details, petty and ofttimes discreditable jealousies, and disappointed aspirations.

But out of the welter of such strife and turmoil there comes to us all the one priceless compensation of real friendships, mutual confidence and respect. We held such sentiments toward all those gentlemen who have gone away. They have gone on an indefinite leave of absence, "on important business, the search of an answer to that question to which all the centuries have given no response: 'If a man die, shall he live again?'"

How can we find it in our hearts to believe that God will break faith with all the sons of men on the assurance of the words of Genesis:

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

We may with confidence and assurance accept the philosophy of a sentence from Ingalls's eulogy on Ben Hill, of Georgia:

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## MEMORIAL SERVICES

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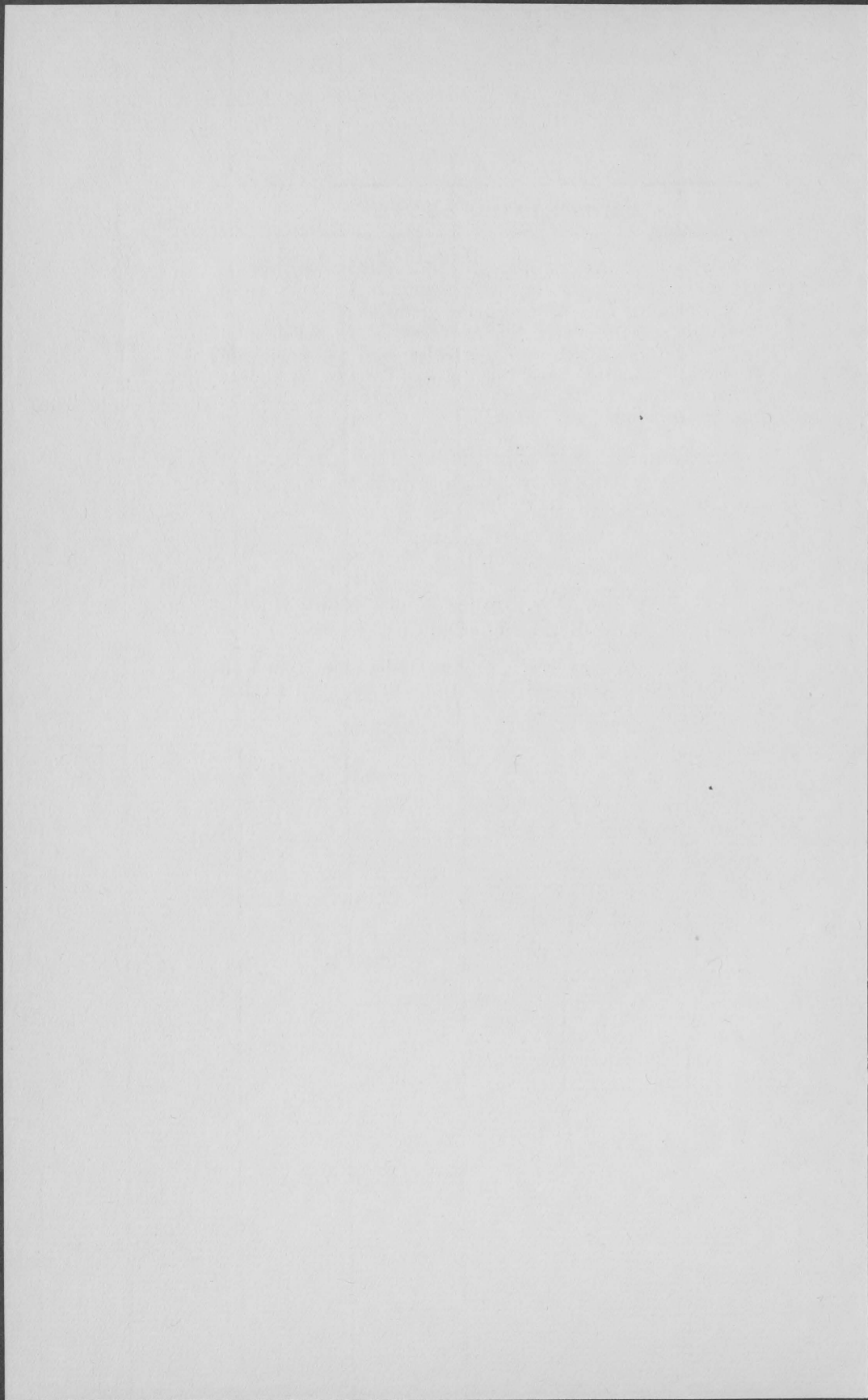
Every man's life is the center of a circle. Within its narrow confines he is potential; beyond he perishes. And if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every human career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not perfected and supplemented after its termination here, then he who fears to die should dread to live, for life would be a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Mr. John Walker, accompanied by the United States Navy Band Orchestra, rendered a cornet solo, "Abide with me."

### BENEDICTION

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

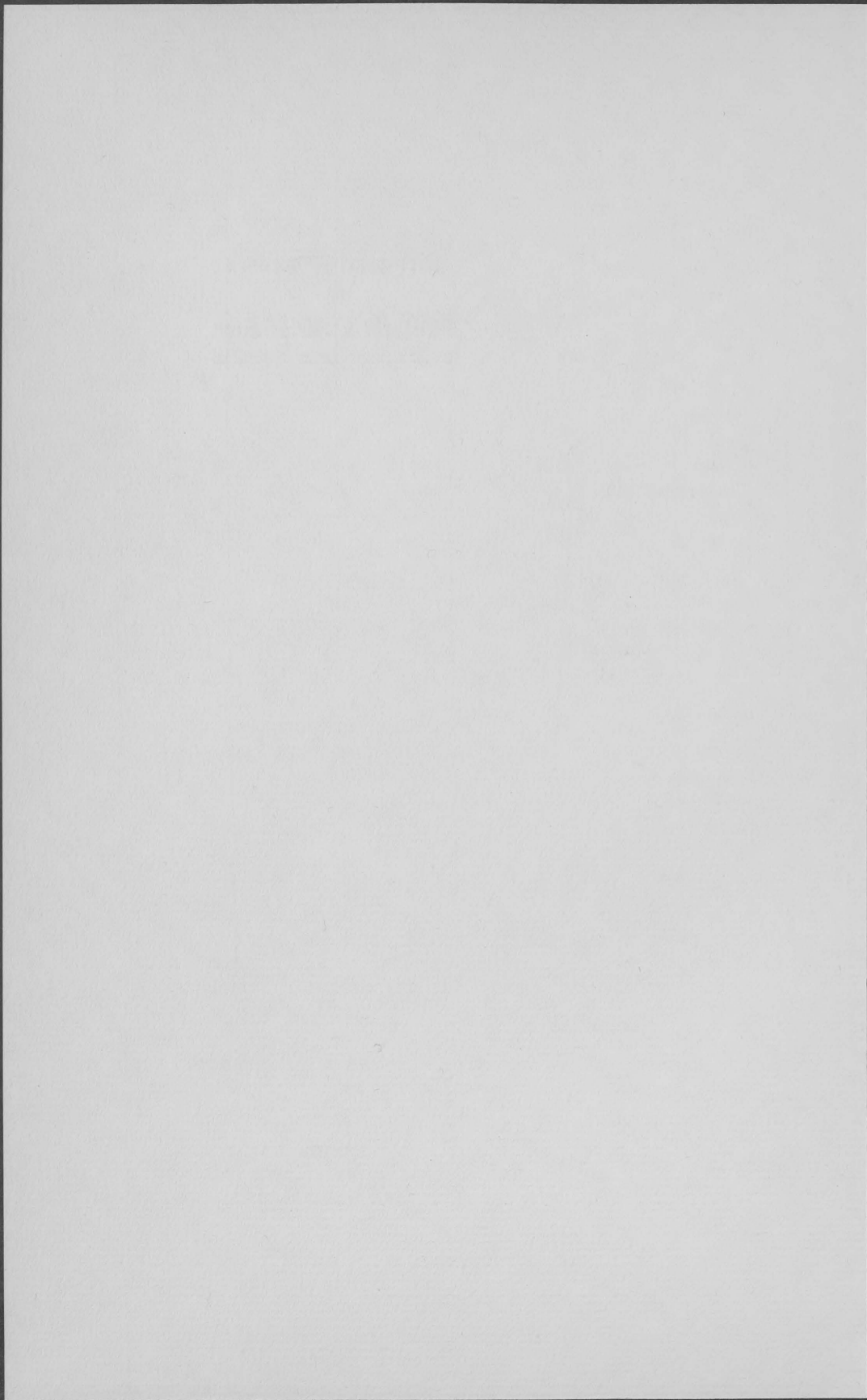
And now may grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit abide with us and keep us always. Amen.



Memorial Addresses  
on  
Matthew V. O'Malley

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## Memorial Addresses



### Remarks by Representative Delaney *Of New York*

MR. SPEAKER: Although I was a Member of the Sixty-fifth Congress, my service in the House has now passed the half-year mark in the Seventy-second Congress, but it is a completion of a fruitful and delightful six months of companionship and friendship, signalized by an opportunity for the greatest education that our country now affords to any American citizen.

When we assemble in this historic Hall to pay tribute to the memories of our departed colleagues, we fully realize the responsibilities and the duties that bring us here and the value of their association and services. At such a time we stand in the presence of a great mystery in which we are all eventually equal. High or low, rich or poor, millionaire or mendicant, king or subject, all must answer the same call to march through that grim and ghostly cordon beyond which we may well all meet when the sun goes down and the final day is done.

The Grim Reaper during the past few months has been active in our ranks, and to-day we assemble to honor the life, the achievements, and the memory of MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY, a Representative from the great State of New York.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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I shall find it difficult to enter this sanctuary during the remainder of my tenure of this great office without thinking of my friend who is gone.

There is a truism that "man proposes and God disposes." This is particularly true in the case of my late departed friend. For many years he cherished the ambition to sit in the Halls of Congress, only to be denied this privilege after being selected by the voters of the seventh congressional district of Brooklyn, N. Y., as their representative.

As boys, MATT and I played together. His chums were my chums; his friends were my friends. Our families visited one another. We grew up together. We met daily. Our friendship grew with the passing of time. A half century passed and we retained the same friendly feeling toward each other.

His dealings with his business and social acquaintances were beyond question. He was a friend in stormy weather. Few sought his aid who did not leave MATT O'MALLEY with his wishes gratified. MATT O'MALLEY was a kindly man. He loved to help the unfortunate. No charitable cause ever failed to enlist his ready sympathy. No one in trouble ever appealed to him in vain. It was this great spirit of helpfulness so characteristic of our dead colleague which united him with grips of steel to the people of his district regardless of party affiliation.

MATT O'MALLEY would have been an outstanding figure in any group into which he might have been thrown. In school he always played his part, whatever it might be, in such a manner as to

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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distinguish himself and to make himself notable among his fellows. It was ever so throughout his life in whatever activity he might engage. He loved his native Brooklyn and New York with more than filial devotion. To the welfare of both he gave his manifold talents unstintedly and unsparingly. He cherished the lofty traditions and high ideals of Brooklyn and New York and lived up to them worthily. He was a student at the Parochial School of the Assumption and Public Schools No. 1 and No. 5.

His rise to place and distinction in this House would have been inevitable and be credited specially to two outstanding characteristics, each of these being the result of certain conspicuous qualities of mind and heart innate in his character.

I have spoken, as others will speak, of his attractive, pleasing personality. This inevitably brought and kept him many friends. The spirit of comradeship was his to a remarkable degree. His personal hold upon his friends added greatly to his effectiveness as a public servant. He made friends rapidly and retained them. The sad news of his sudden and untimely taking-off came as a shock to a host of friends who had learned to love and admire him with deep affection. In his death every one of his colleagues in this House and thousands of friends in every part of the Nation experienced a sense of personal loss. This was because to MATT O'MALLEY friendship was something more than a name. It was a passion and a virtue. It was a part of his very being.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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I can recall one of his outstanding attributes, that of gratitude. In my conversations with him he often spoke of the dear father and mother who, at great personal sacrifice, gave him an opportunity to secure an education, and all during the years he said that the greatest thought he had was of the untiring zeal and devotion of that father and mother who had foregone everything to give him his chance. And, let it be to his credit, he embraced it.

Another of his characteristics, to my mind, was his loyalty—loyalty to his friends, loyalty to his city and State, and loyalty to his country. But above all he loved his country—no one loved her better—no one could do more for the men who fought in its behalf than he. No one thrilled more at the gallant achievements numbered in her glorious history.

To those who were near and dear to him by the ties of blood I feel that I can speak with some degree of appreciation, being one who is acquainted with grief and not unknown to sorrow along this line. In life he proved that it is not life that matters but that courage that we bring into it.

With the departure of Representative O'MALLEY, New York has lost a beloved son, the Nation a splendid public servant, and ending a career filled with usefulness, sincerity, and integrity; a man among men. We are not eulogizing him to-day, but testifying to his worth, ability, and honored citizenship.

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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### Remarks by Representative Celler *Of New York*

MR. SPEAKER: I knew intimately well our late colleague MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY for many years. I learned to have an abiding affection for him. Death found him a shining mark.

Although it was not his privilege to reach the floor of the House, since death claimed him before the opening of the first session after his election, nevertheless he had the attributes that make for kindness, wisdom, and willingness to serve. He would have made a Congressman of rare distinction.

He has now gone through the Valley of the Shadow to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns. There he dwells in a windowless palace of sleep; he now has surcease from trial and pain.

He will, however, have died in vain unless we, the living, honor him by emulating his example of piety and goodness.

No words can beguile his loved ones from their overpowering grief; only time can bring solace to their tortured spirits and balm to their wounded hearts; but they should take comfort in the thought that he leaves behind a good name. Well might we reecho the sentiment of the psalmist, who said:

Better the fragrance of a good name than the perfume of precious oils.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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**Remarks by Representative Cullen**  
*Of New York*

Mr. SPEAKER: It is indeed difficult to place our thoughts into language that will properly express our feelings toward departed friends.

The individuals who stand out in prominence the world over are the ones whose honesty and simplicity first attract you and whose ability to perform their tasks afterwards impresses you. Words of praise can be used in the description of anybody who has ceased to exist, but truthful words describing a character that had to do with all of the different phases of human nature and came through without a scar are, indeed, the exception. This I can justly say of my departed friend, MATT O'MALLEY.

MATT O'MALLEY was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and attended the public and parochial schools of that borough. He was elected to the Seventy-second Congress and represented the seventh New York congressional district in the House of Representatives. The good Lord, in his infinite wisdom, decreed to take him unto Himself before he ever took his seat in the Congress. I deeply regret that he was not spared to take his seat, for in my humble opinion he would have been an outstanding figure in Congress.

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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MATT O'MALLEY was a lovable character. He was first a good citizen, a real Democrat, and a staunch and loyal party man, who, from his humble beginning, attained all of the honors during a period of years that his people could give him.

His home life was ideal. His business and political life was security itself, because he fairly breathed honesty, loyalty, and integrity of purpose. To his friends he was as pure gold. No one ever knew MATT O'MALLEY to shirk an obligation. He was quiet and unassuming, his disposition genial and sunny, his companionship delightful, and his efforts to serve untiring.

Of a deep religious nature, MATT O'MALLEY's private life was at once an example and an inspiration to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship. His home life was the gage by which the Nation's domestic bliss and faithfulness might be measured. His daily life was a sermon as powerful as any ever preached from a pulpit.

We treasure our recollection of him. We are sad because he was taken from us, but we fervently thank God for having given him to us.

I along with many other Members of Congress attended his funeral services at the Church of the Assumption, Brooklyn, N. Y., and I was profoundly impressed by the sincere evidence of genuine sorrow, love, and respect manifested by the vast throng who assembled there to honor him on that

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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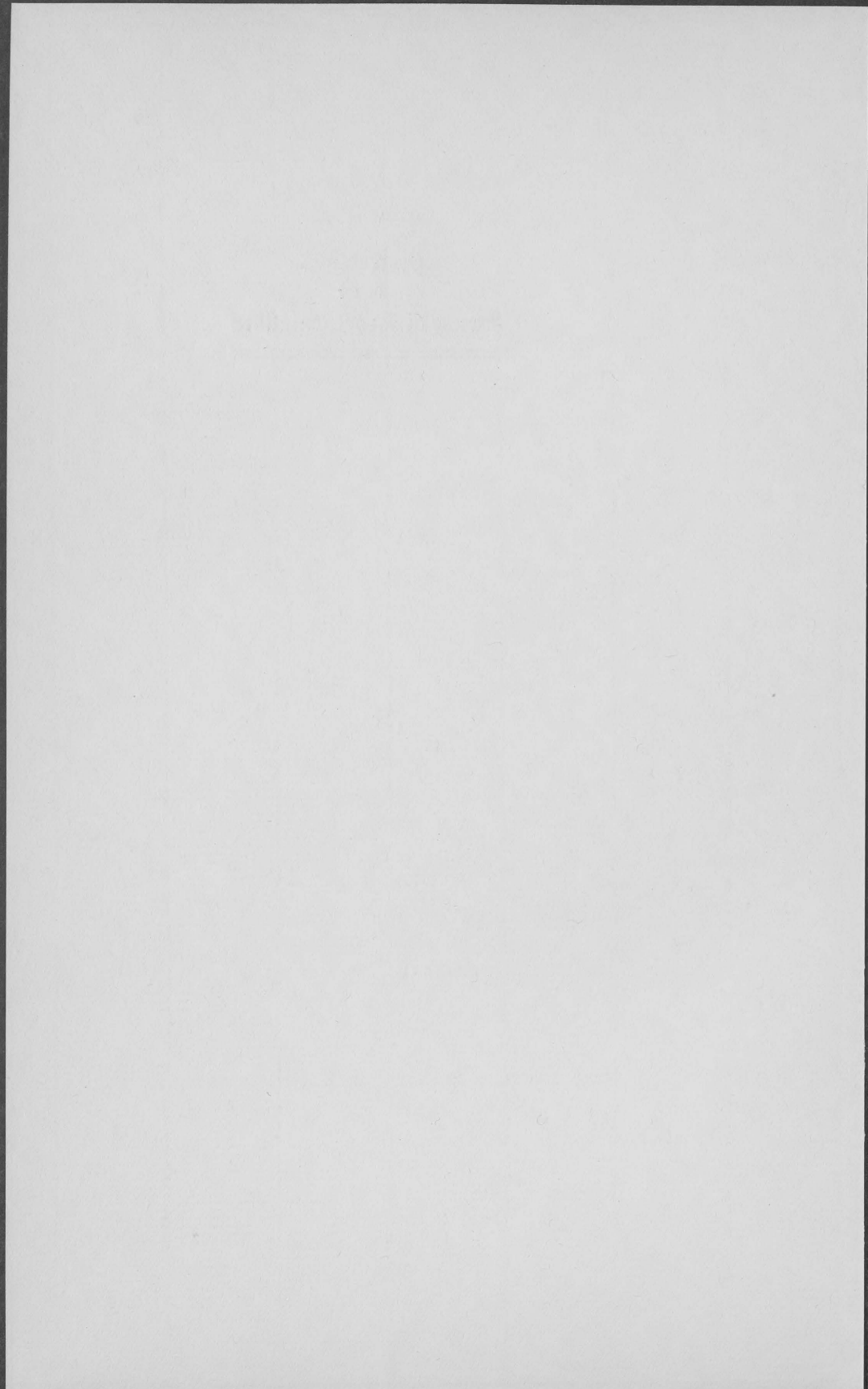
solemn occasion, representing as they did every phase and walk of life of the borough of Brooklyn in whose life he played such a useful and important part.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe is life;  
There are no dead.

Proceedings  
in the  
House of Representatives

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## Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, December 7, 1931.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution, which I have sent to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York offers a resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 10) as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY, a Representative from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. RAINEY. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to our deceased Member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 24 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 8, 1931, at 12 o'clock noon.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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WEDNESDAY, *December 9, 1931.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Craven, its principal clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

*Resolved,* That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY, late a Representative from the State of New York.

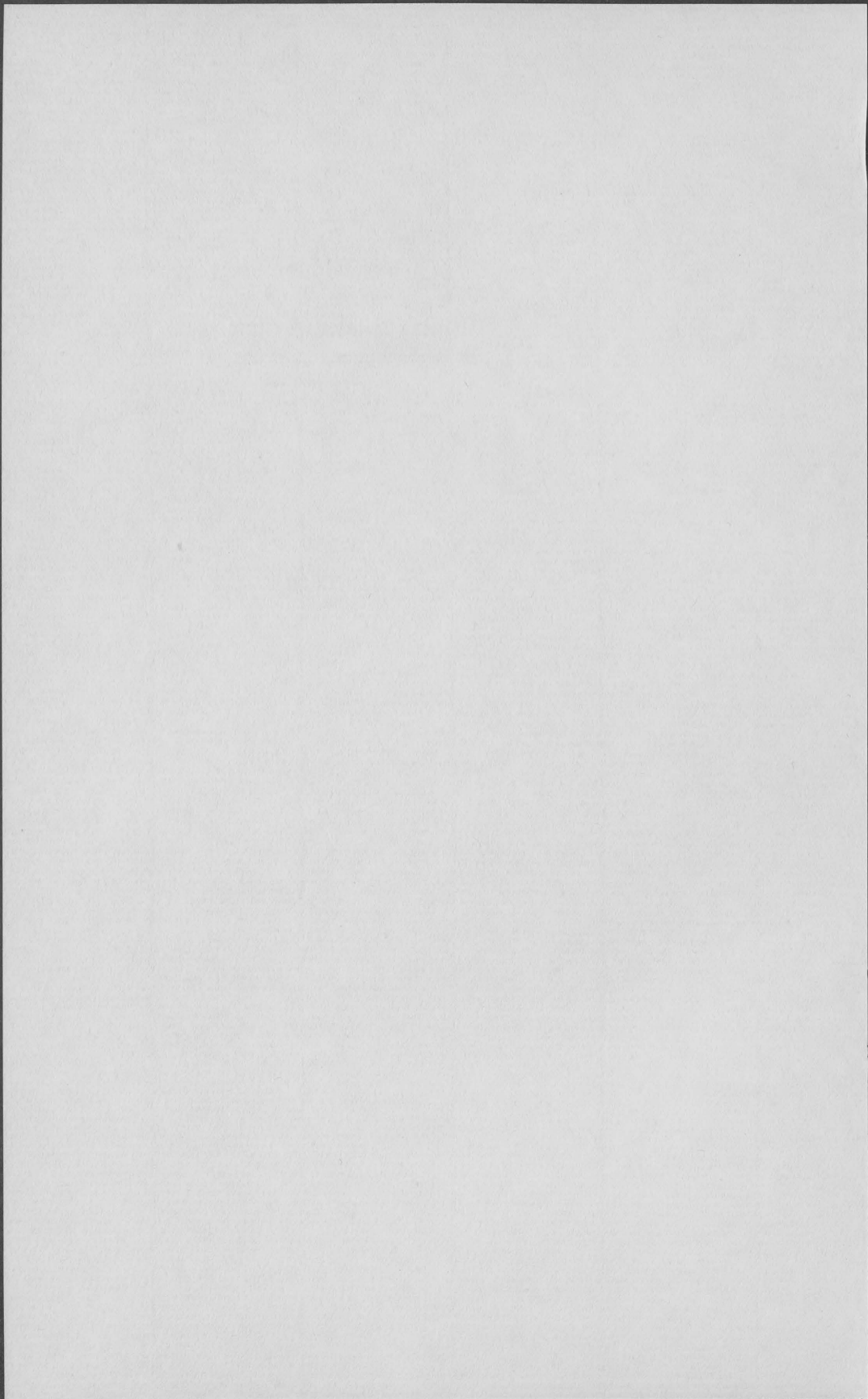
*Resolved,* That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved,* That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now adjourn.

Proceedings  
in the  
United States Senate

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## Proceedings in the Senate

TUESDAY, December 8, 1931.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY, a Representative from the State of New York.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

Mr. COPELAND. Mr. President, I send to the desk resolutions which I ask to have read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 8) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY, late a Representative from the State of New York.

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MATTHEW V. O'MALLEY

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*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. FESS. Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The Chief Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, December 9, 1931, at 12 o'clock meridian.



